

fourfold one, of Places and Men, of Loving, of Losing, of Living, and to those is added *The Yielding of Pilate*, a brief drama. The poet is first of all a Christian, and, next, a lover; thereafter a philanthropist, and a reverent admirer of nature. His continued strength and weakness lie in a refined sensitiveness that speaks itself out with strange openness which some would call egotism. It is not that, consciously or unconsciously. The poet regards his life and heart as divine human creations for the satisfaction and edification of the world. Hence, he lays bare their most sacred senses and thoughts; for the language that enfolds them is more a veil than a garment, defining the sentiment rather than disguising it. There are some very musical minor notes among these songs of the human, among the best, if not the best, of which are *Epistles to a Maid*. Mr. Mackenzie is not yet a popular poet, although highly thought of by somewhat critical reviewers, and deservedly so. If, however, his life and heart are revelations, they should be such to every seeking soul, humble or great. The Toronto slough of philosophy, of abstraction, of subjectiveness, of painful self-consciousness, has yet to be sloughed off. Godlike subjectivity can only be reached through human objectivity. Mr. Mackenzie is working that way, but slowly. He does not understand yet, as many hundreds of preachers do not, that the world, even the best part of it, cares not one brass farthing what any man or woman is thinking about, or hoping for, or grieving over: it is on the look out for something that will stir itself. What a man thinks is his dogma, and it may be the veriest trash in the world. What he finds in God is fact, and is the purest of gold. Mr. Mackenzie has found some eternal facts, and has presented them in chaste poetic diction, with wealth of imagery. Whether he has yet composed a poem that will survive is doubtful, but he is on the way to it: and, if the answer to the whether be a stern negative, he is no worse off than all other Canadian poets, without exception. His aspirations are pure, his efforts are lofty, his expression is terse, his diction is chaste and classical, and rhythm is tuneful and gracious. All Canadian lovers of poetry should purchase, not borrow, and read *Songs of the Human*.

From the Bureau of Ethnology in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington I have received the sixth volume of *Contributions to North American Ethnology*, entitled *The Tegiha Language*, by the Rev. James Owen Dorsey, a quarto volume of 800 pages, consisting of folk lore, historical tales and letters, contributed by Dakota Indians of the Omaha and Ponka tribes in their own tongue, with interlinear literal and free translations. Abundant material is thus provided for the study of our ancient aboriginal dialect, and an almost unrivalled collection of American folk lore, in which the rabbit figures conspicuously, is set before the student of primitive tradition in the best possible form. Mr. Dorsey, and his colleagues in the task of preserving these decaying traditions, deserve the best thanks of the ethnologist, and